"At last!" she cried, and ran toward a woman who was looking anxiously about.

"Oh, ma'am, I am so delighted to see you once more." Nancy replied.

They entered a conpe and were driven rapidly off to the home of the Mayues. On the way Fiorence was not loquacious.

"Have you nothing more to tell me, ma'am?" the former servant asked. "Ah, you blush! Now I see. A pretty young lady like yon—"

Florence interrupted her: "I always trust you. Yes, someone loves me. I love him. But I sent him away. How could I drag him into my revenge? But now I have done it. I am to marry him two days from now, and he is to help me in my search. That is why we have sent for you."

So Nancy knew that a rehearsal of the case was pending, and, by the time she was in Abel Mayne's library, she had revived her memory fully. They found Mayne there, and he listened quietly to the woman's repetition of her account. She had not proceeded far before Lhoyd Dickson entered by a door behind her.

"All that I saw of the robber." she went

a door behind her.
"All that I saw of the robber," she went "All that I saw of the robber," she went on, "was when he was out on the platform. It was night, and the cars were ready to go along. He was hiding in the shadow of a post when poor Mrs. Blakely caught sight of him. Just then a mac laid his hand on the secondrel, but we didn't see any more."

Lioyd Dickson was gasing with dilated eyes, as though the woman's words had recalled a scene to his memory; and so they bad, for to his recollection came clearly the occurrence in which he had participated. No glimmer of the period of his aberration had ever before flashed upon him, and his kindly employers had, on his recovery, retrained from talking at all about his illness. "Describe the man," Florence said.
"I can't," she answered. "You know that I've never been able to—be looked so wild and scared. But if ever I should lay eves on him..." She turned and saw Lloyd. "Ah! there he is! There he is!"

A silence of a full minute was broken by

A silence of a full minute was broken by

A silence of a full minute was broken by the accused man.

"She tells the truth," he hoarsely said.

"I remember it now. It was I who entered your mother's apartment, Florence. I fancied I was a fugitive. It comes back to me suddenly and clearly. I helped her to put her money into the bag, and—."

"Then you robbed her?" Florence cried. He stood dazed and uncertain.

"No; he did not," Abel Mayne interposed.

"I was the robber!"

Then the real criminal made a full confession.

ession. Abel Mayne had at last learned that the human conscience is a reality. He was never exposed to the public. Those who heard his regretful account of his misdeed had no disposition to increase the expiation which he insisted upon making. He never went to his Wall street establishment again, but deputized Lloyd and Morris to aettle the business, and to give every dollar of the proceeds to such charities as Florence chose—as she would not take any of the money. Happily Alice's great talent as a vocalist rendered her independent as to income, and so her refusal to take a gift did not bring poverty to her. Abel Mayne had at last learned that the

poverty to her.

In beginning the new year of 1889 penniless, Mayne was a happy man clear of conscience for the present and hopeful for the future. He has not since set foot into

the future. He has not since set foot into Wall street.

But the worship of the modern golden calf goes on there, and, like the one described in the Bible is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites borrowed earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. Still the degrading worship goes on and the devotees kneel down and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold, and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops, and the voices of all the exchanges. This temple stands open day and night, and there is the giltering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrificenew victims every moment on it, and there fice new victims every moment on it and there

met last night,

d, 1880. All rights res WHY OIL DRILLERS ARE HEALTHY.

Crude Petroleum as a Preventive of Threa and Lung Disonnes. ned L. New York Star. ] "Next to working in the pine forests I don't know of any occupation in which men keep so healthy as around natural gas and etroleum wells," said Captain David Han-

Year's day."

There is a deep-rooted opinion, however, that no one will leave the Vice President's mansion thirsty next Wednesday.

As the wine-bibers of the Capital, the foreigners and navy officers form the bulk of the guests of the Secretaries of State and of the Navy, they will have punchbowl and decanter. ley; an old oil and gas well driller, whom I

decanter.
Secretary Windom has the kindliest feeling in the world toward people who do serve wine, but he will have none of it Wednes-

a platter of rare roast beef.

Miss Withers crooked her figure genteelly as she raised a glass of fee water to her lipa.

"Are you a vegetarian, Mr. Jenkinson?" she asked, after an appetizing sip.

"Hardly, Miss Withers," said Mr. Jenkinson. casions.

"My husband and I have one quarrel," said Mrs. Noble when I asked her whether she would serve wine at her first New Year's reception, "it is the Daniel Webster aneodote and it comes up every year. It seems that Daniel Webster went to the house of a friend for a week's visit, and when he found that his friend did not serve wine he packed up his goods and departed the first night kinson, and he carefully wiped his mus-tache with the air of a man about to make

From the Washington Post. quaintance at the Arlington.
"I see," said the acquaintance, Chicago doesn't take much stock in Patti's

is a case of wine or no wine, for nothing will take its place. Wine is good. I like it, and keep it on my sideboard, but that is no sign I mean to serve it to young men and mixed companies." "I should say not. Why, she can't sing a little bit. I'll bet \$50 I can sing twice as loud as she can, and I don't claim to be the loudest singer in Chicago by a long shot."

We lear Chicago will never be quite satisfied until she hears a steam calliope in her new and wonderful Auditorium.

Mrs. Attorney General Miller replied: "I have never served wine in Indianapolis, and I shall not do it here on New Year's Day. The harm in the custom comes from giving

The harm in the custom comes from giving it to young men.

When the question was asked Mrs. Secretary Rusk, she said emphatically: "I shall have coffee, bouillion and chocolate, but no wine upon my table New Year's Day. Neither my husband nor I are averse to the temperate use of wines, but we will never give it to a mixed gathering such as belongs to a New Year's reception. When I was here years ago I saw many a New Year's caller who showed the effect of too much driaking.

who objects to the use of wine. She said to me: "I shall never serve wine at another New Year's reception. I have always been used to it, as in my father's family it was

brains in the family, that's all."

An Argument on the Other Side.

Kansas City Siar.;

A speaker on the affirmative side of the question, if anything at all, only a light claret at my receptions. I shall never give a punch made of rum or champagne to any but people I know well. Do not think I have seen any cases of genuine intoxication in Washington society. But I have really seen men, and women too, who showed signs of too frequent potations. I probably saw more of it than most hostenses, as I lived so far out. People came in cold and tired, and before they knew it, had taken too much.

Mrs. Stephen J. Field is one of the best entertainers of the Capital, still she does not believe in the New Year's punch bowl. She says: "I flave never served anything but charet New Year's D ay. Mixed wines, as in punches, I never give to my guests.

Paople come so far to Capitol Hill that I feel if it is their habit to use wine, hospitality demands that I serve it. Justice Field likes a sup of shopolate better than anything else when he makes calls, and I always have it for people who, like him, praise it.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

"I can notice a decided change in custom in ten years. Sherry, claret and champagne used to be served, but hardly a house in Washington has anything but claret for mixed companies in these days. In the time I have been in Washington I never saw but two people intoxicated at my New Year's receptions. Nearly all the Supreme Court families serve light wines on such occasions. I believe ex-Justice Strong is the only one who never has it even at his dinners."

I next met Mrs. Senator Hale, of Maine, and got an expression from Neal Dow's prohibition country.

She said: "Ten is the bulwark of Washington society, and it should have kept the old custom from falling, if wine was the cause of the fall. I have always thought, however, that the reason people gave it up

and said, "Take him out now, and fill him up with champagne."
Goodness, with what horror the mothers do quote her! They prophesy all sorts of evil for her, but she is now pursuing a course of notable success. She is a Senator's daughter.

It is, indeed, a black outlook for General Van Vliet and the other famous men who have called on their friends for the last quarter of a century. If they get anything

quarter of a century. If they get anything at all it will be what a chagrined Justice of the Supreme Court at a reception last year called "A mild tip, truly a mild tip—a California claret punch, with straying alices of lemon."

slices of lemon."

There is one ray of hope. At some houses the sparkle of Mumm's extra dry still mates the gleam in the caller's eye, and the cork of Veuve Clicquot mounts upward with his spirits. The wives of Senators Stockbridge, Quay, McMillan, and Frye as well as those mentioned before will not give a drop to drink, but most of the hale Justices of the Supreme Court will have decanters as well as coffee urns, and there will be a light punch and perchance champagne, where the wives of perchance champagne, where the wives of the Senators Evarts, Edmonds, Dawes, Dolph, Paddock, Stanford, Ingalls, Cock-rell and Davis are hostesses.

Miss Grundy, Jr.

se which the poet attends

MR. JENKINSON'S PAITH.

Unexpected Information Given in Answer

They were dining rather elegantly at

flagging a little when the waiter put down

a remark, "I have always had a leaning toward the Episcopal faith."

JUST ABOUT CHICAGO'S SIZE.

Nothing but a Callions Will Satisfy Her

Musical Critics.

A Chicago man who arrived in Washing-

on last evening was talking with an ac-

HE KNEW THE PAMILY.

A Milwankee Man Pays Himself a Doubtful

tilwankes Wisconsin.]
A crusty old West Sider was informed by

his daughter the other day that a certain giddy girl of her acquaintance was about to

"Has the young man any money?" de-manded the old man. His daughter con-fessed that he did not have much wealth. "Well, do you imagine he has any traces

"Why, I suppose so, father; why do you

"Because if he hasn't there won't be any brains in the family, that's all."

Compliment.

Ameabury.

MRS. VICE PRESIDENT MORTON.

When I broached the subject to the Vice of the group, once went to assemble on the sands of old ocean, still enjoy repeating the stories and the jokes at which they all once laughed so heartily. Whittier is no humor-ist himself, although no one enjoys an amusing narrative more than he in his quite

way.

The poet's habits are, nowadays, very regular. In fact, the saying goes that his neighbors time themselves by his movements. His home is a large double house on Friend street, which is so named because upon it is situated the little, white meetinghouse which the poet attends when in

wine, but he will have none of it Wednesday. In a little talk at the President's
table a few weeks ago when Mr. Wanamaker was also present, the Secretary of the
Treasury advanced the opinion that every
Cabinet member should follow his own
principles on the subject.

"Oh, of course, we will keep open house,"
said Miss Nellie Windom, when I asked
the question "thut I am quits sure page. New York San., table d'hote restaurant. Conversation had been brisk through soup and fish, but was

the question, "but I am quite sure papa will not have punch or wine, although he does not disapprove of them on all oc-

up his goods and departed the first night. Mr. Noble says that a man of Daniel Webster's genius should have his wishes respected. I say that the other man had as much right to his principles as Mr. Webster to his wine. I shall not serve wine at any

of my receptions or dinners."
"What will you substitute for wine New
Year's Day?" I asked.
"Substitute? There is no substitute. It

MRS, ATTORNEY GENERAL MILLER. I next called on the wife of the head of the Judicial Department, and saked her as

oo much drinking.

Mrs. Chief Justice Fuller is another lady

LIKE the fly leaf in the Bible between the Old and New Testaments, this Sunday stands midway between Christmas and New Year's Day.

How the years hurry-scurry away! The older we get the faster they come and go. When we were children they were shod with lead and crept like the enail. Now, they borrow the winged heels of Mercury.

Time is not long enough for pleasure, or

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

-0N-MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

ambition, or money-making. It is long enough for duty, for the compacting of character, for the relief of man's estate. The very essence of the holiday season ties The very essence of the holiday season lies in the words of Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Faw believe this. Those who pretend to are for the most part self-sacrificing enough to be content with the less blessed good! But those Christian souls who have mastered the secret and acquired the habit of throwing out love, and throwing out help, and throwing out sympathy, have hit upon the truest and surest way of being happy themselves. themselves.

When we aim at happiness we miss it. Hut

tes, I have not been particular to place pretty girls at the table, but always put someone who knows how to brew a drink, although the person might not be a debutante. I have always had a decanter of sherry on the table, and the guests might use their own judgment about taking it."

Mra. Senator Sherman, Mrs. Senator Hawley, Mrs. Senator Spooner and Mrs. Representative Burrows will serve nothing but mild, innocuous refreshments on New Year's Day.

The debutantes do not agree with the matrons. They like the old custom and say if it is to be kept up it is only by serving wine. One of the prettiest of last year's conservatory had her "coming-out" party last New Year's. As the "men" were presented to her, she turned blithely to her aids and said, "Take him out now, and fill him up with champagne."

When we aim at happiness we miss it. But when it comes through good words and deedsit stays. It transmigrates from heaven to earthfrom the bosom of God into our breasts. The men and leave radiant footsteps. Bury solfshoese with 1889. Begin and the broad women who live for others carry smilling faces and leave radiant footsteps. Bury solfshoese with 1899. Begin and the prothers derived the bosom of God into our breasts. The men and women who live for others carry smilling faces and leave radiant footsteps. Bury solfshoese with 1899. Begin and the prothers death of the Christmastide.

"Tis a pity that the holiday season should be distigured and misused as it is by being associated in the minds of many with bother and expense beyond their means. The benefit of the beautiful custom of giving depends chiefly upon the spirit and motive back of the gift and prompting it. Who cares for a gift that came out of grambling and grudging handa. It is only as they are dependently and the prompting it who cares for a gift that came out of grambling and grudging handa. It is only as they are dependently to the chief of the christmastide.

When the along the other of the Christmastide.

"It is a pity that the holiday season should be dist

put His heart in it. Thus Caristmas originated in a heart-throb.

Now, the abose of the season lies in this, that custom forces an interchange of presents, when the wish, or the ability to afford, or the gracious motive are lacking. So that the season of good will is transformed into an hypoerisy. It is identified with worry and expense instead of with peace and love. This is a sad perversion. Better give Christmas to the youngsters. Make it the children's festival. For it is not the little ones but the big ones that cause the fret and provoke the extravagance. The most popular reformer of the day would be the one who should reform the abuses of the holiday season and free us from the thralldom of usage in gifts which we don't want to give.

The Reward of Well-Doing. It is a chief part of wisdom not to expect too much of poor human nature. Here is a new-beatitude: Riesred are those who don't ex-pect, for they won't be disappointed. The broad are narrow. The noble are selfish. The good are had. It was out of a profound knowledge of men that Burns wrote:

edge of men that Burns wrote:

"But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If 'self the wavering halance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!"

Hence, if we undertake to help our kind we
must set about it without much expectation of
appreciation—on earth. The only way is to do
it as to the Lord. He marks and He will repsy.
The remembrance of this will saye us from much
chagrin, and perhaps from susanthropy. The
Master Himself, who went about doing good,
was maligned and finally cracified. If the
world dealt so with Him, ought we to expect it
to do better with us? "The disciple is not
above his master, nor the servant above his
lord." The satisfaction of doing good is two
fold. There comes from it an inner conscious
ness of well-doing, which increases our self respect. And it wins for us the benediction of
heaven; yes, and after awaile of earth. Let us
toil on, therefore, against thanklessness and
misunderstanding of men, leaving an appreciation of our work, as Lord Bacon said in his
will, to our "own countrymen after some time
be passed over." dinners. Vice President, who will give dinners. Vice President Morton, Secretary Blaine, Secretary Tracy, and probably Secretary Tracy, and probably Secretary Windom.

The Postmaster General would like to do so, for he is the soul of hospitality, but it will be noticed that his entertainments will run to receptions and balls. Mrs. Wannaker says a dinner is not a dinner without will be noticed that his entertainments will run to receptions and balls. Mrs. Wannaker says a dinner is not a dinner without will be no formal dinners at the Wannamaker house.

Nearly every social law but one emanates from the Executive Mansion, and that, luckily, is the serving of wine at the New Year's reception. Custom has it that the multitude need not be dined or wined at the while bosiness of decision falls on the Vice President Most of his time in visits to a favorite couning and choiner and Cabinet. Now Mrs. Harrison is known to be liberal, and as she makes a delicious punch, she will not dictate to the count of the will control of the will control of the will control of the will control of the will be not will deal quaker citizen. Although spending much of his time in visits to a favorite counting the multitude need not be dined or wined at the while bosiness of decision falls on the Vice President and Cabinet. Now Mrs. Harrison is known to be liberal, and as she makes a delicious punch, she will not dictate to the counting and honorable conduct. He is the multitude need not be dined or wined at the while house on that day, and the whole beariness of decision falls on the Vice President Most maker and the will serve wine.

Amesbury Letter is Baltimore American.]

His great popularity at home is due less to do the sample of decision falls on the Vice President and Cabinet. Now Mrs. Harrison is known to be liberal, and as she makes a delicious punch, she will not dictate to the cabinet and cabinet. Now Mrs. Harrison is known to be liberal, and cabinet will be not considered the will be not conscious to do the constitution of our w

inspired by some of his neighbors who were accustomed to spend a season each summer in their tent upon what is now known as Saulsbury Beach. Whitler was often their guest, and the few remaining members their guest, and the few remaining members the remaining members to the remaining members the remaining me

tutional way, to be used alternatively with the confession.

The modus operandi of this scheme was clearly explained by a distinguished member of the committee. Although he used the distect of the saloon, he is nevertheless a consistent temperance man. He said that, where a minister is to be received into the Presbytery, if he wishes to take his Calvinism straight, the Westminster Confession will be presented for his subscription. If he prefers to have it diluted, he will be offered the "evangelical and irenical" formula, that is to be.

The report in question was regarded by some of the brethren as a beautiful piece of diplomacy, inasmuch as conservative members of Presbytery were propitiated by the negative to revision, while the advanced guard was made happy by an alternative creed.

Death of Engene Bersier.

Pastor Eugene Bersier, the cloquent French breacher and the untiring and sympathetic master of l'Eglise de l'Etoile, in Paris, is dead. He was in his 50th year. Correspondents of weekly religious journals do not say when he died, only that he preached on the Sabbath died, only that he preached on the Sabbath with his usual power, on Monday evening addressed a McAll meeting of workingmen, retired from his study at midnight, and before 2 o'clock had entered upon the eternal rest of the children of God. The French Reformed Church and French Protestantism lost more than can be told, and Christianity is deprived of an advocate who seemed indispensable. For his services to the suffering people during the siege of Paris he received the Cruss of the Legion of Honor from the State, and through his effort the monument of Admiral Coligay was erected. Years ago, before he studied theology, he lived for a year in New Rochelle, N. Y.

Robert Browning's Work and Success. Robert Browning was more and better than a post, he was a man of great and and nobility. His poetry will live, though not, probably, in so many hearts as his more gifted wife's. Browning wrote and often obscurely. But his post, he was a man of great awastness much, and often obscurely. But his writings have such an attraction for those inwritings have such an attraction for those in-clined to the study of literature that clubs have been maintained in the United States and En-gland to extract by their combined efforts the meaning of his Delphic Sentences. Hence his sway has been over the educated mind rather than over the popular heart. He was not one of those poets

of those poets

"Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As abovers from the eigods of summer,
Or tears from the epide start."

This is equivalent to saying that he was not one of the supreme singers of the world, though be has penned some lines that throb. Browning's house was well up Paransaus, though on this side of the summit. Fortunate in his length of days (he was 77), fortunate in his length of days (he was 77), fortunate in his length of days (he was 77), fortunate in his union with Elizabeth Barrett, he was fortunate in his death, which occurred in his beloved Italy, among the lagoons of Venice, city of enchantments, with the success of his labest liberary venture ringing in his oars, and with the sympathy of all friends of the good and true and beautiful to kies his eyelds down.

Westminster Abbey will be enriched by a new deposit of noble dust, and the poet's corner will nold another shrine.

The Troublesome Church Member The Troublesome Church Member.

The most troublesome man in the church, exclaims an expert, is not the rudsly outspoken one; nor yet the perpetual fault finders nor yet the church-gossip. Bad as they are, they are not so bad as the man who applies every thoughtiess remark, every word and deed that is capable of unintentional interpretation to himself, and who is continually being hurt and offended. He is always on the lookout for slights and incults, and takes them when they are neither intended nor given. He is always any threatening to leave the church—but unfortunately never does. Don't be easily provoked. Keep cool.

One-Minute Sermous.

I CARNOT call riches better than the bargage of virtue; the Roman word is better, impediantly for as the baggage is to the army, so is iches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left school, but it hindreth the march.—Lord Bo-

Tiberius, that "more adore the sun rising than the sun setting, or at the meridian."—It.

Don't be arraid of succession. This is the great need of men as of plants. The sun fades carpets, but it nonrishes humanity. When the sun does not enter the doctor does, says the Italian provers.

man who, one week ago, beasted that he controlled the money market."
"You are too equesmish." "Am I? Well, then there are two of us in the street—Lloyd Dickson and L."
"Lloyd Dickson!" Mayne ejaculated.
"Do you remember what I told you of his perplexity over his books?" Morris went on.

"How he prayed for help, and got it, too? The poor lellow is very ill in a hospital. Brain fever, I'm told. He is getting better, but there was a spell, for several days, when he was totally deranged. He doesn't remember a thing."
"Doesn't know what he did?" "He hasn't a glimmer of recollection, so he says, of anything from the time he left the bank until he came to his senses in a

hospital."

The two men accomplished their missie several days later and, as a reward, they got leave to return to New York leisurely by steamer. During the voyage Mayne's plans were forming and ripening."

"Well, I may yet be rich," he mused. "I

have finally got a fresh start for my goal."
Often, while leaning over the deck railing and gazing at the furrowed waters, the angeness of his adventure would recur to a. Often as he had tried to gain fortune y honorable means, be had never suc-seded. Now, despite his past upright and courageous life, he was returning home with tresh capital, but metamorphosed into a thief. "How is it that I have no remorse?" thought he. Then fragments of his early studies recurred to his mind, and among them a sentence from Ribot: "If we persist in regarding the conscience as a cause, then everything is inexplicable; but if we regard it merely as an accompaniment of the nervous processes, then everything becomes

"No, I am not a thief," continued his "No, I am not a thiel," continued his thoughts, "For there was no premeditation. My will had undergone temporary enervation, and I was irresponsible. But my unfortunate weakness has led me to no actual wrong, for I am withholding this money from no lawful inheritor. It is only borrowed from nobody, and some time in the future it will be easy for me to give them to

some philanthropic object.

Thus, although he felt remorse, he soon persuaded himself that he ought to suffer none. He had reached what scientists term "psychic paralysis," or moral powerlessness, where "without will, which is the cause, there can be no conscience, which is the

No matter how, by sophistry, he might quell his conscience in the matter of taking Mrs. Blakely's money, he found at once that he had to become a liar concerning it. To account for the possession of money he had to pretend that he had made a successful enture in stocks. That he did within a and not modify his simple mode of life, and proceeded with his previous modest existence. Every day he was the first to arrive at the broker's office, and worked assiduously until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. His colleagues liked him for his inexhaustible good humor, his devotion to business, and for the daily courtesles which he rendered to everyone. All sorts of dreams peopled his excited brain. In life he henceforth as nothing but money. He had so executed his failures that he had come out of the struggle transformed. Now he la l complete faith in his star, and nothing should hinder his success. Secuples, honor, conscience—all lay buried in the cemetery where Mrs. Blakely lay sleeping her last sleep. With his sure exemption from ex-posure the man's psychic paralysis was aug-mented. He continued to feel neither re-morse nor penitence, but hastened eagerly toward the future without seeing the specter of his victim gazing threateningly at him

from the past.

The year steadily and rapidly gave growth to the stolen capital of Abel Mavne. Every venture increased the money risked. At the end of six months be gave up his place in the broker's office, and avowedly embarked into speculative operations on his own secount, and when another winter came around he was known as an exceptionally prosperous Wall street man,

One evening there was a charity concert in one of New York's large halls, and the occasion was marked by the debut of a young girl as a singer. She was Alice Mayne, daughter of Abel Mayne. She was his only child, and had been motherless solved to crown her musical education— which had been arduously sequired—with honors of public praise. Although she was

"Yes, very happy," was the reply. "Will

you come with me?"
"I should think so! I want to tell your ighter all that I have heard said about They found Alice surrounded by the inevitable worshipers of success. Radiant with happiness, she threw herself into her "You are satisfied with me?" she asked.

"More than satisfied-I am proud of Just here a knock was beard at the door. "May I come in?" asked a girlish voice if musical purity and sweetness.

Alice uttered a cry of joy, and advanced with outstretched arms toward the new-

"You, my dear Florence?" she said. "Of course you may." Then she made a formal presentation: "My dear, this is my father. ana, I want you to love my schoolmate, lim Florence Blakely."
"Blakely," Mayne exclaimed. "Did you

Yes," Alice laughed. "Is the name so He bowed in silence to the girl. She was s siender, pale creature, of about his daugh-ter's age. Could she be a relative of that Mrs. Blakely who had died on the train, and whose money he had stolen. He saw, or lid he faucy it, a resemblance in her face. Her costume, too, was one of deep mourn-ng, as of a daughter grieving for her mothr's death. There soon came a chance for tim to ask his daughter about her triend.

"Florence is the dearest girl alive," was he enthusiastic reply, "and I pity her ao. She lost her mother less than a year ago." "How? Where?"
"Mrs. Blakely died while on her way to lorids, where she was going in search of salth. Poor Florence was crushed by rief, for she loved her mother dearly."
"But I thought Mrs. Blakeley had no

"Mrs. Blakely's maid, a girl named ancy, gives the only account that can be lined. The mistress was in a private room a drawing room car. A young stranger, truded as she was counting \$5,000. He sobed her. Just how he did it nobody own. Nancy's memory is not clear, for only heard a part of what Mrs. Blakely d a stranger about the fellow's comit to the room, and the feeble, frightens ity was probably incoherent. The only lainty is that she was robbed, and that excitement histened her death." Mayne's next question was besitant and mulous, but his daughter did not suspect sture of his emotion: "Deesn't Nancy he cannot recall his face at all," was

would recognise him if ever she met him. | sled him. He felt himself p

identity."

Abel Mayne stood pale and agitated.
"Come, papa," Alice went on; "we mustn't stay aside from our frienda."

So they joined the merry group, in which even the black-garbed Florence was happy in the success of her dearest friend. Even the thoughtful William Morris was jolly in his congratulations to his friend's daughter. The card of one more well-wisher was brought in and handed to Mayne. He read the name. It was that of Lloyd Dickson. Mayne shook as he saw it. But he had no apprehension for himself, and he could hardly refuse admission to a worthy acquaintance. A minute later the two victims of his their were bowing to each other in an introduction—Dickson, upon whom in an introduction—Dickson, upon whom lay the false charge of robbery, although there was as yet nobody ready to formulate it, and Miss Blakely, impoverished, if not bereaved by reason of the securely-hidden criminal's act.

criminal's act.

criminal's act.

That night Morris rode away from the hall in the same carriage that conveyed the Maynes. Wall street men never intermit their Wall street talk for long, and the financial topic of the day—a misappropriation of a trust fund—was introduced.

"It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them," Morris remarked. "Almost every man in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. He has administered perhaps for a dead friend. Now, when that man takes that money and goes to specuperhaps for a dead friend. Now, when that man takes that money and goes to speculating with it for his own purposes, he is guilty of their, falsehood and perjury, and in the most intense sense of the word is a miscreant. There are families to-day—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of he-vortex by the thread of a needle red with the blood of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency."

petency."

"Or by a mother," Mayne source,
ly above a whisper.

"And what must be the conscience of such
a criminal? I remember some odd theory
of yours, Mayne, that 'where there is no
will which is the cause, there can be no conser science, which is the effect.' I don't agree
with that. A highwayman once plunged
out upon Whitefield, the preacher, as he
rode along on horseback, a sack of money on
the horse—money that he had collected for
orphan asylums—and the highwayman put
his hand on the gold, and Whitefield turned
to him and said: "Touch that if you dare—
that belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ!" And
the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience!
Conscience! The ruffian had a pistol, but
whitefield shook at him the finger of doom.
The orphans' money was saved. Do not
think you can hide any great and protracted
if life, and
a existence
rrive at the
file, and
a existence
rrive at the
filit, and
the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience
rrive at the
filit, and
the ruffian slunk into the finger of doom.
The orphans' money was saved. Do not
think you can hide any great and protracted
filit, and
a rest and rest in the subject in life in her actions; but why should
she regret so bitterly her inability to dissome one? This some one was Lloyd Dicksome one? This some one was Lloyd Dicksom. Not a word nor an allusion betrayed
in a fainter voice: "Hahall never be able to
marry. Don't try to understand me. It is
a sacred duty. If I loved a man I would
flee to the ends of the earth to escape from
that leve. III were cowardly enough to
what in this into the forest. Conscience
to the ruffian slunk into the forest. Conscience
to calm her, and sought, meanwhite, for the
calm device the ruffian slunk into the forest.
The was all so the ruffian slunk into the forest.
The was a word of the sum of the ruffian slunk into the forest.
The was a word of the sum of t

your heart, as a ship on fire within for days hinders the flames from bursting out by keeping down the hatches, yet at last, in the judgment, that iniquity will blaze out before God and the universe."

The carriage stopped at Morris' residence, and he alighted, bidding the father and daughter good night, and never dreaming of the pertinency of what he had said.

"Alice," said Mayne, "I will see to it that your young friend, Mies Blakely, does not lack a good support. I will make good not lack a good support. I will make good the loss which she sustained through that

CHAPTER III. CHAPTER III.

THE QUEST OF FLORENCE BLAKELY.
Something of the history and character of Florence Blakely should be given in order to explain the motive, amounting almost to a mania, which controlled her mind. As a child she grew up passionately fond of her widowed mother, whose ill health, however, prevented them from living much together. The mother was unable to assume the daughter's care, and, desiring that she should be well educated, sent her to a fa-

mous female college. It was this separation Mayne, daughter of Abel Mayne. She was his only child, and had been motherless since intancy. In his comparative poyerty and in his sudden affinence he had been worked assidnously at school. The worked assidnously at school. grace. She worked assidnously at school thinking that the scooner she had finished her studies the sooner she would be with her mother. That was the time for which she waited longingly and impatiently. When only 15 years old, and was still a pupil, her voice had been probounced fine enough for a test of a concert trial as an amateur volunteer. This venture was successful. From the moment of her appearance, Alice's place in her. Her childish lightheartedbeauty prod and its usual effect, and her first song commanded an admiration which a second increased. The clated father was on his way to the retiring room when he met William Morris.

"Well, you're perfectly happy, I fancy?"

"Well, you're perfectly happy, I fancy?"

thought, Nancy was stupefied. The child of 15 wished to avenge her murdered mother by devoting her life to the quest of the robber, whom she construed to be virtually her murderer, because his deed had hastened death. Her efforts to find the man were seeble and unavailing. The authorities did all that could be done, but they got no did all that could be done, but they got no idea of Lloyd Dickson's connection with the case, nor of the part that Abel Mayne had played in it. Dickson himself retained no glimmering memory of his insane trip. The physician who recovered him, being humanely instructed by the bank president not to divulge to anybody the particulars of the trusted employe's temporary insanity, and failing to read the brief items in the New York papers about the death of the lady in a car at Philadelphia, did not connect the two matters at all.

Thus we are brought to the time when Florence met Abel Mayne at the concert. Mayne kept his promise that the orphan

Mayne kept his promise that the orphan should not suffer from impoverishment. He insisted that she should return to school with Alice for a completion of their education together, be paying the expenses; and the orphan, influenced thereto by her fond chum, consented. Thus three years more passed, and in 1884 Florence and Alice were required. were graduated. Then Mayne projected a European tour for them, so leisurely that it would involve a year's study of music by Alice in Paris. A trustworthy agent no-

companied them, and they were to have every care and comfort that money could ocure. "You are using your wealth wisely," said. William Morris to Mayne, who winced under the undestreed praise. "You know that he who uses money or thinks of money as anything but a means to good ends will find out his mistake when the glittering the control of the neverless grass. treasures slip out of his nerveless grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock.

He might better have been the Christian
porter that opened his gate or the begrimed
workman that besved the coal into his

"You knew her?"
The man trembled, but instantly compresended that he was in no danger. He relies: "The Mrs. Blakely whom I knew id a little business at our office, and I reall somebody's remark that she was with ut an heir."

"And so she was, as it turned out, for here was nothing to inherit. Mrs. Blakely was rotibed just before her death, and lorence was left penniless. The real estate high her mother left proves to have been ortgaged to its full value."

"About the robbery? How did it hapen?"

"Mrs. Blakely's maid, a girl named workman that heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yard-stick with which to measure life. They that boast themselves in their wealth and trust on the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him that he should not see corruption."

But it was not alone by giving to Florence far more than a fair income from the \$5,000 that he had kept from her that the unsuspected this f placated his conscience. He put Lloyd Dickson into a way of prosperity, and the young man in a few years became one of the envied bankers in Wall street.

Time passed, and the summer of 1888 Time passed, and the summer of 1888 found the Maynes domiciled in a cottage at Long Branch, with Florence a member of the household, and Lloyd Dickson and William Morris were familiar and welcome visitors.

visitors.
Two days after his new meeting with Flor Two days after his new meeting with Flor-ence at Long Branch he was her admirer. Nowhere in his past life could he discover anything resembling love. A few passing fancies had marked his early life, but noth-ing serious, and since then he had been im-mersed in the cares of business. Outside of his liking for her, she interested him strangely. Many things were inexplicable or unexplained in the ornhan's directions. or unexplained in the orphan's disposition.
She seemed to be keeping to herself some painful secret, and often a vague allusion would suffice to throw a sudden shade of melancholy over the exquisite face. Lloyd moticed all this, and the girl, at once so simple and she thinks she ple and so enigmatical, attracted and purithet the poorest way to get money in to

new sentiment, so powerful that he was less alarmed than surprised. He was in love with this girl. Why should she not love him in return? He had conquered fortune and he could certainly conquer her. His evenings dragged slowly by in any other place than the Mayne cottage. Alice Mayne was not long in perceiving how the land lay with the young man. But how should she find out Florence's sentiments in regard to him? Should she ask her friend? Intimate as they were, she had observed certain incomprehensible traits in the orphan's character. Whenever the girl spoke of marriage, she would say: "Oh, yes, I shall marry some day, but not yet—not yet." What could she be waiting for? Once, however, she was so communicative that Alice divined a part of her secret. They had feturned from an entertainment late.

of her secret. They had returned from an entertainment late,
"I am almost starved," said Alice, laughing, and she served the hot tes in the cups of old Sevres, which a maid had brought. "Howe is the happlest place for me," she centinued, "with my loving father. Yet, I suppose you and I will both be going to other homes—as wives—one of these days."

Element sighed "Yes" she may reserved.

Florence sighed. "Yes," she murmur "to love and to be loved makes the whole of life, All other joys are idle in compari-

"Since you think so, why don't you set upon the opinion? Pretty and bright as you are, you would find it easy to choose a hus-band. Any man would be proud to be

loved by you."

Florence made an abrupt mevement, and all at once covered her face with her "My dear child, what have I done? You are crying," said Alice.
"It is nothing; it is very silly of me not to control myself better. You must forgive

"Forgive you, my poor child! It is I who am to blame. My careless words must have touched upon some unhappy chord."
"Well, yes, I admit it. You have spoken

my dear," said Alice, "and you may trus me to the end. I do not wish to learn your secret. I do not desire even to know the nature of the duties to which you sacrifice your youth. But can I do nothing for

"Nothing, unhappily. Still, I wish you would make me a promise."
"Willingly, What is it?" "That no one shall hear a word of these half-confidences that you have received."

"I promise."
"No one—not even your father or"—Flor ence stopped, blushing deeply.
"Neither my father nor Lloyd."

should be well educated, sent her to a fa-mous female college. It was this separation create a gulf between them. Alice had relove her, and she seems to begin to hate me in her fear that I may tell her of that love."

One day he found Florence reading, and her face lighted up with pleasure at the

sight of her visitor.
"It is very good of you to come so soon," she said. "Then I don't tax your forbearance too "You want a compliment? Well, sir, you shall not have it. But I must thank you for my lovely flowers. They came this morning. See how fresh and fragrant they are?"

Flowers were the only presents which he was at liberty to offer, but these arrived at was at neerly to oner, but these arrived at the cottage several times a week. "If you knew how much pleasure you give me by spoiling me in this way," she went'on. "It is so nice to find Iriends when went'on. "It is so nice to find one is all alone in the world."

one is all alone in the world."

"Alone in the world. Oh, Florence! Are you then biind, to speak like that?"

Florence turned pale, and her eyelids fell as she murmured, "Don't, please don't!"

But Lloyd continued, "No, let me speak. I am 30 years old, Florence. Until now I have never leved a woman. Life has been very hard for me. But when I met you-you will be my wite?" Florence uttered a cry of pain, as if sud-

rorence attered a dry of pain, as if sud-denly aroused from a happy dresm. She started up, ran to the other side of the room, where tottering and almost fainting, she leaned against the open piano. At last she said hoarsely, "Your wife! I can never be your wife." Lloyd thought that he must be dreaming. "You reject me-you refuse me?" he fal-

She made a great effort, but her voice was She made a great effort, but her voice was scarcely audible as she replied, "Yes."

Lloyd hid his face in his hands. He wished to regain his self-centrol.

"Is it you who say this, Florence—you, or the other? There are two women in you—one whose eves say, "I love you," and another who tells me, 'You shall never be my husband." I cannot understand."

Facing him resolutely, she said: "Until I am no longer that other woman I will marry no one. I have a work to do, and it will probably never be done, but I will not

marry no one. I have a work to do, and it will probably never be done, but I will not marry until I have accomplished it. It is to find and punish the murderer of my mother; I am revengeful. That is wicked? True. But the idea has become a monomania? May be that is so, But I cannot rid myself of it. I will not try to. I am wowed to my task."

Lioved said no more but left the many Lloyd said no more, but left the room.

Lloyd said no more, but left the room. As he disappeared Florence made a movement to steep him, and then at the end of her forces, sell to the floor. It seemed as if all her happiness had fled through the half-open door. "Oh, mother, mother," cried the poor girl, "what can I do? Will you forgive me if I break my vow?"

Lloyd strolled to the summer house on the ocean bluff, and joined Mayne and Morris, who sat there chatting. Money was their topic. Wall street men rarely talk of anything else. But Morris commonly weighted his conversation with sound morality and good religion.

"It is a grand thing to have plenty of money." he was saying, as he noted the

"It is a grand thing to have plenty of money." he was saying, as he noted the fine equipages dashing past, "and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumboring and lazy vehicle. There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile, if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northeast wind with thin apparel if you can afford furs; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that suggest not only wealth, but religion and generosity and philanthropy. A recent writer mays, that of 50 leading business men in one of our Eastern cities, and of the 50 leading business men of one of our Western cities, three-

that he had repaid it.
"There has been an irresistible impression

ears it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble apparel 'What, you only get \$1,800 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin-money. I spend \$5,000 a year.' Where do you get it?' saks the plain young man. 'Oh, stocks, enterprises, all that sort of thing, you know.' The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board, has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion, and deny himself all luxuries. After awhile he gets tired of his plodding, and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he easys: Just show me how it is done.' And he is shown. He soon learns how, and although he is almost all the time idle now, and has resigned his position in the bank, he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with flashing chain, sets his hat a little nad, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with flashing chain, sets his hat a little further over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars and more of them. He has his hand in. Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years he will get into political circles, and he will get political joba, and will have something to do with harbors, and pavements and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for partition. It is quite a ments and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition. It is quite a long road sometimes for a man to travel before he gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosale stage of it. If the sheriffs and constables would only leave them alone a little while they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pigiron."

"A good sermon, Morris," said Lloyd,
"but you needn't preach it at me."
"O. I didn't mean to. Your success is
honest, my boy, and I don't think it will
lead you to misery."
"Nor to happiness, neither—so it seems."
The two older men gazed at Lloyd in sur-

prise, for the bitter tone and complaining words were unusal in him. He went blunt yon: "I'm getting rich, and I'm honor-ble, but the girl who loves me won't marry

"Who is she?" Mayne asked. "Florence Blakely." "And why?"
"Because she will marry nobody until she has discovered and punished her mother's CHAPTER IV.

NEW YEAR COMMENCEMENT BY MAYNE. The sextons of the village churches are about to put their hands on the rope of the bells. All around the world the air will vibrate with sweetest tintinnabulation punctu-ated with the roar of Cathedral tower, the ated with the roar of Cathedral tower, the jingle of the lighter metal submerged by the overmastering boom. The Christmas of 1888 is close by. Lloyd Dickson sits alone in his Wall street office. The chime of Trinity Church lets him know that he has prolonged his business hours until midnight in order to enable himself to go away on the

morrow for a holiday vacation. Since that summer day at Long Branch he has not seen Florence Blakely. His only source has been work, which should exclude from his mind all unhappy memories.

As the chims rang he began to look over the last of his mail. He carefully sorted out the various letters which related to his out the various letters which related to his private matters, leaving the rest over for his clerks. In the midst of the operation his heart leaped at the sight of one envelope better him. Florence's writing! He opened it, and found only four lines, a listle tremulous but very cloquent. The writer wished him to come to her in the afternoon of Christman.

Christmas.

What could she wish to say to him? Her intention must certainly have been altered, and this unhoped for summons could have but one motive. At 2 o'clock next day Lloyd reached the residence of the Maynes in great agitation and anxiety, feeling that this crisis would decide his fate. Florence was very pale. "I was afraid that you would not come," she murmured.

she murmured.

"Did you not know me better?" was the reproachful answer. "Could you doubt that I would come at your first summons?" Florence was grave and anxious. "Sit down here, and promise to pardon me for the pain—I was wrong in the answer I gave

Copyrighted, 1830. All rights reserved. you. I must tell you so, frankly."

She paused and looked up at him with clear eyes that showed her complete sincerity. "You told me that you loved me. Well,

I love you, too—"
"Florence!"
"Please—hear me to the end. Before giv ing any answer you must know my whole story. When at last I felt the invisible tie story. When at last I felt the invisible the that bound us to each other, I tried to strugthat bound us to each other, I tried to struggle against what seemed an impossible happiness. I had been very weak, a sacred duty seemed to separate me from you. Listen, I believed that I belonged to the dead. My mother met with a most terrible death, as you know. Her murderer was not discovered, and I took a vow never to marry until I had secured his punianment. A feeble creature like myself could do nothing. The half-romantic whim of a young girl, you will think; but when I made the you my heart was free. Later, I came to

yow my heart was free. Later, I came to love you, and I tried to repulse you; but it seemed as if all my life went with you." Her blushes showed that her frankness Her blushes showed that her frankness had cost a resolute effort.

"This is my Christmas of all Christmases," Lloyd exclaimed. "You are a noble girl, Florence, and I will try to reward your love: The man who robbed your mother, and who hastened her death, shall be detected, if that be possible. I will devote myself to the task, next to my devo-

tion to you."

Then he pleaded for an immediate marriage. Florence's wish was that the wedding should be as quiet as possible. She disliked publicity.
"Why not avoid all this disturbance?"

"Why not avoid all this disturbance?" she asked. "It always seems to me as if these gorgeous deremonies were one of the silliest forms of human vanity."

Alice laughed, for it was to her that this was said. "You are quite right, my dear girl, but if you refuse to obey the reigning fashion, you will make every one your snew." enemy. "You think that I am overstating the case? It is easy to see that you don't know New York. Woe to any rash mortal who dares to rob 'society' of an expected treat."

In the end Florence had to yield, and aubmit to the extensive celebration which Abel Mayne insisted on. He was still chloroforming his conscience with all possible expenditure of money on Florence. So he urged a fine wedding in the holiday week.

week. "You'll sanction it, Morris, won't you?" "You'll sanction it, Morris, won't you?"
he said to his friend.
"Let me tell you," was the reply, "that
the dissipations of social life are despoiling
the usefulness of a vast multitude of people.
What do those people care about the inet
that there are whole nations in sorrow and
suffering and agony, when they have for
consideration the more important question
about the size of a glove or the tie of a cravat? Which one of them ever hound are consideration the more important question about the size of a glove or the tie of a cravat? Which one of them ever bound up the wounds in a hospital? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which one of them do you find in the haunts of sin distributing tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture." After all, he had no strong reason to urge against a handaome wedding for Lloyd and Florence, apd to that view of the matter the girl herrell assented.

While the hasty preparations went on. Lloyd eagerly began his work of detection, He learned from Florence the little that she knew, at hearsay, about the robbery and death of her mother.

"We must talk with the girl Nancy," he decided. "Can we bring her here?"

If have always kept her address."

Florence replied, "and she is now living in Yonkers. She will come if I send for her."

A telegram was sent, and a mply was received from Nancy that she would arrive on a certain train next day. Florence, excited by the reserval of her quest, stood waiting on the platform. A shrill whistle pierced the chiliy air, and the train rolled ponderously into the station. Florence remained in the background while her resiebled.

precipitated themselves upon the new rivals, and watched the travelers alight

Has Been Decided Upon by Many Washington Society Ladies.

Tes, Coffee, Bouillon and Chocolate to Served Instead.

CHAMPAGNE AND PUNCH BANISHED

A TIP FOR STATESMEN WHO DRINK

WASHINGTON, December 28 .- The New Year's reception is dying out in Washington. Year by year the ladies receiving calls decrease in number, and the receptions of the first of January, 1890, will be confined to the White House, the mansions of the Cabinet Ministers and the houses of some few ladies of the Senate and the Supreme Court. The wife of the President and a number of the Senatorial ladies tell me that the reason for this comes from the custom of serving punch at New Year's, and the day when New Year's calls make the excuse for a grand Washington spree will soon be gone forever. This year Washington society, with the exceptions above spoken of, will leave a butler and a basket to receive the cards of the backwoods Congressmen and others who have not kept up with the times.

others who have not kept up with the times. Many of the girls will go to the matinee in the afternoon, and there will be a number of big balls in the evening. In all probability not a dozen houses which will be open next Wednesday will have a punch-bowl.

The sentiment among the people which has made Kansas, Iowa and Maine Prohibition States, has affected in a great part the rest of the Union, and a Senator's wife tells me that the leading ladies in all the aid societies of the churches in her little town, held a prayer meeting just before she started for Washington and asked God to enable her to resist the evils and corruptions of the Capital.

I have during the past week called upon

Capital.

I have during the past week called upon the leading ladies of Washington society and interviewed them as to their New Year's receptions. I have asked them their opinions as to the use of wines and I find that though they object to the serving of punch and port on New Year's, many of them think wine should be a part of every dinner.

A SENATORIAL TEETOTALLER. There is indeed only one public man who There is indeed only one public man who dares give a dinner without wine. He is a Senator, and when he came in a few years ago he announced brashly that he should give as many dinners as he chose, with never a drop to drink. He did give them and on each occasion his roof covered more suppressed awearing than the roof of a cowboy's ranch. One Senator went into the dressing-room after the aven-counter dinner. boy's ranch. One senator went into the dressing-room after the seven-course dinner, and violently asked of every incomer if such a course should go unrebuked.

In this administration there will be only four, besides the President, who will give dinners. Vice President Morton, Secretary Plaine Secretary Trany and probably Sec.

said: "Really, don't you know, I have been away from Washington so long that I have forgotten the customs. I really do not know what they do serve here on a New

"I drilled in the Bradford and Cherry Grove oil fields in Western Peonsylvania from the time they were opened; followed the development of oil territory into the Washington and Shanopin fields, and I have drilled a good many gas wells, too, and I think that drillers are as a rule among the most healthy and robust men in the world, and while much, of course, is due to the hardy outdoor life they lead, I ascribe more of it to the smell of the petroleum, which is almost over-powering, either from oil or gas wells. I never knew a driller or a man em-

ployed around the pipe lines to have con-sumption or any other lung or throat troubles, and I never knew a driller to have rheumstism, notwithstanding it is outdoor work, and in the opening of new fields the men often camp out for weeks, sleeping on the often camp out for weeks, sleeping on the ground and exposed in othe: ways. I believe that there are medicinal properties in crude petroleum, and you will find that every old driller has the same belief.

"Crude petroleum is a very different fluid from the refined article—kerosene and other products. It is as thick as maple syrup, with a dirty greenish tinge and a smell that almost structics a person. The oil in the with a dirty greenish tinge and a smell that almost stupefies a person. The oil in the Lima, O., field is much worse. The odor from that is almost fetid, and I have seen old drillers from the Pennsylvania fields made deathly sick from nausea when they first commenced working in the Ohlo field. The Italians employed in laying the pipe lines in the gas and oil fields look upon grade petroleum as a nanaces for all evils.

crude petroleum as a panaces for all evils, and the natives down in the oil and gas belt claim that the Italians eat it. I wouldn't youch for that story, however. EXPERIMENTS IN HYPNOTISM.

Persons of Weak Will Not Always the Mos Busceptible Subjects. Dr. James in Globe-Democrat.] The hypnotic experiments now being made in St. Louis have demolished the popular idea about mesmerism; that is, that the person of strong will can, by simply exerising it, influence the weaker will. That cising it, influence the weaker will. That is untrue, to a great extent. The person of the weak will can hypnotize him of the stronger will if the subject consents to submit himself to the influence of the operator. In our St. Louis experiments we have found that those accustomed to obedience sink most quickly into the hypnotic state and give the best results while they are hypnotized. They are in the habit of subordinating their even wills to those afothers, and

ating their own wills to those of others, and so it is easy for them to yield themselves enso it is easy for them to yield themselves en-tirely to the commands of the person who is hypnotising them.

I anticloate some original work in St. Louis by hypnotizers, now that we have be-gun the investigation with a will. There are now a dozen earnest and thoughtful men, skilled in the treatment of various dis-eases, now working away at hypnotism.

The Best Man in Regiand.

'The consistent minister will not preach teadfastly for two hours upon the iniquity

nerville Journal.

The best man in England will be 80 years

of lying, and then blandly ask one of the leading members of the congregation how he liked the sermon.